

Consolation and Comfort.
Who is it that does not wish to be out in the open air or alive in some field of sport, whether it be with the bat, rod or gun; whether we go coasting over the hills and vales on the wheel or sailing over rough waves or into serene coves. It is all sport, and the springing muscles seem to need it. It is bound to happen that some misadventure will occur. Thus it is that to have sprains in abundance. Light sprains, sprains that cripple, sprains that give great pain, sprains that rob us of sleep, but sprains of all kinds have come to know that there is nothing better than the old, reliable St. Jacobs Oil. Have it with you for use; you may rely on the cure of the worst sprain and restoration to the comforts of life.

Weather Sayings.
A common saying, in the Eastern States, is, that if the woodchuck or groundhog comes out of its hole on the second day of February—Candlemas or Purification Day—and finds the sun shining, it would understand that it had started out six weeks too soon, and retire for that period. How these notions start, is always an interesting question. It was brought to our country from Germany, only the little badger, Trusnie, was the weather prophet. The coincidences between sun or shadow on the "ground-hog day," and the subsequent weather for six weeks, are often so curious as to make some people regard the matter seriously.

Origin of Platt's Platitude.
Senator Dewey used to have in his collection of curiosities a certain telegraph dispatch which never failed to put the politicians to whom he addressed it. The telegram was sent to Mr. Dewey, then President of the New York Central Railroad, by Mr. Platt, just before the latter's election to the second term in the Senate. It is dated from two stations above Poughkeepsie, and reads:

"Please stop the noon express here to take on Mrs. Platt and Mr. Dewey."
"I stopped the train gladly," Mr. Dewey would say when he exhibited it. "I am always willing to do a favor for a man who turns a joke on himself."—New York Times.

Consolidated Wear Shoes.
Supt. Ill., Sept. 8.—Mrs. J. B. Flanagan of this place had suffered with Dropsy for fifteen years. She was so very bad that for the last three years she has not been able to wear her shoes. She had doctor after doctor, but was gradually getting worse.

Last winter Mr. Flanagan, who was very much discouraged, called for some medicine at Mr. J. Dale's drug store in Carroll. Mr. Dale persuaded him to have his wife try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and he bought six boxes. His wife used five out of the six, before she was entirely cured. She is now as sound and well as ever she was, completely restored to health, and free from any symptom whatever of Dropsy.

To say that Mrs. Flanagan is pleased at her wonderful deliverance does not half express her feelings, and she and Mr. Flanagan are loud in their praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and of Mr. Dale for recommending this wonderful remedy to them.

The fact that Dodd's Kidney Pills cured Mrs. Flanagan of such a severe case of Dropsy, after the doctors had given her up, has made them the most talked of remedy ever known in White County.

Family Exclamation.
"There is a man out in the east end who hasn't heard the election returns yet!"
"What a stupid! Doesn't he take any interest in the welfare of his country?"
"Yes, but he's dead."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Send 25 Cents in Stamps and get Photograph of Music Temple where McKinley was shot. Address, C. R. Bookwalter, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

The editor of the Ladies' Home Journal says every young man should read a good daily newspaper. He should select that paper which stands for honesty in its news and the highest purposes in its editorial expression. One paper is sufficient; but let it be the best.

Pink's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 22 Third avenue, N. Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

There are 11,700 hotels in Paris, in which there are on an average 240,000 guests.

ROLLS OF THE DAY

In the discussion of possible Presidential candidates some are prone to regard the sectional question as of overshadowing importance. Those who live in what are known as the doubtful States are especially liable to this error, because they are naturally well furnished with the candidates, and it is not only customary to look to a few doubtful States to furnish the candidates, but it is not uncommon to have some portions of the country excluded from consideration entirely. For years it has been assumed that a Southern man was unavailable, and a Western man almost as much so. Now, Ohio, Illinois and Indiana have furnished to the two leading parties nearly all the candidates nominated since the Civil War. New York furnished the Democratic Presidential candidate in 1868, 1872, 1876, 1880, 1884, 1888, and 1892, and in those campaigns the candidate for Vice President came from Indiana three times, from Ohio once, and from Illinois once. From 1888 to 1900 the Republican party took its Presidential candidate from Ohio four times, from Illinois twice, from Indiana twice, and from Maine once. During that time New York has furnished the Republican candidate for Vice President in five campaigns, and the Democratic candidate in one. Thus it will be seen that a comparatively small section of the country has enjoyed a practical monopoly on candidates. This is an unfortunate condition, and one that should not be defended by reason. Candidates should be chosen because they represent principles and because they are deemed fit to serve the people in the executive office. Each party should be at liberty to select its best man, no matter in what State or section he lives. The race should be free for all, and then public men everywhere would be stimulated to offer themselves.

Neither the Atlantic coast nor the Pacific coast should be barred out; neither the extreme North, nor the extreme South should be forbidden to offer its favorite son. The local influence of a nomination is generally overestimated. State pride is a nice thing to talk about, but it does not count for much in votes. If a man has qualities which make him popular at home, those same qualities will make him popular elsewhere, but very few men will vote for a political opponent merely because he lives in their State, and what little support he wins in that way is offset by the partisan fear that his success may strengthen his party locally. A candidate, therefore, should be chosen on the basis of his personal element being the confidence that the people have that he is honest and will faithfully carry out his platform.

For a quarter of a century the Southern States have been ignored in the selection of candidates for President. They have had but few white Republicans in the South to choose from, and the Democrats of the South have voluntarily renounced their claims out of fear that they might embarrass the ticket. Certainly we are far enough away from the Civil War—certainly the passions are cooled, to permit a Southern man to aspire to either the Presidency or the Vice Presidency. Even before the Spanish war called into the volunteer army both Federal and Confederate, the South had earned its right to be considered a part of the Union, but surely the coming of the sons of those who were the blue and the gray of those who were the gray, and their service side by side at Santiago and at Manila, ought to silence those who have thought it unwise to place a Southern man on the ticket. Slavery has gone never to be restored, and the Democratic now dominion in both North and South comes nearer to the ideals of Jefferson, and Lincoln than does the commercialism of Hanna or the imperialism of Roosevelt.

It is not time yet to select candidates for 1904, but when the time arrives, the Democratic voters should see to it that the platform represents their wishes and that the candidates fit the platform.

If some one living south of the Mason-Dixon line is chosen for either the first or second position on the ticket, his place of residence will not weaken him—not though he be an ex-Confederate soldier. We are engaged in a mighty struggle against plutocracy, and we need the whole nation to pick from when we select our standard bearers. Merit, not section, should determine the nomination; fidelity to principle, not locality, should control.—Bryan's Commonwealth.

The Great Prosperity of "W.C."
There seems to be a certain uneasy feeling in some quarters that the McKinley prosperity of the present, which has come from the golden Klondike and our own mines, should be regarded with chasteled joy. It is as if it was too good to be true, and rather puzzling at the same time. The prosperity promoters feel that there is somebody sinning that in the clouds. They have not located the sound, but it is there, and its discord, faint and muffled though it may be, is so insistent that it cannot be utterly disregarded.

Not long since the New York Herald devoted considerable space to the 3,828 millionaires of the United States, and in doing so became impressed with the power of these gentlemen:

"One two-hundredth part of one per cent of the population of the United States, or one person out of every 20,000," says the Herald, "controls about one-fifth of the nation's wealth; that is, 3,828 millionaires control a population little in excess of 75,000,000 own \$16,000,000,000 of the \$81,700,000,000 at which our entire property is fairly valued. In the first quarter of the century just closed there were not more than half a dozen millionaires in the land, and two only—John Jacob Astor, in New York, and Stephen Girard, in Philadelphia, had sufficient wealth to make them particularly conspicuous. Now we are nearing the 4,000 mark."

There is a certain subdued tone about this that is refreshing. The Herald actually seems to admit that millionaires at one end of the line imply paupers at the other; that, given an equal money in the world, the more some people have the less others must expect. If A and B start out in a game with \$10 between them, an A has \$20 in his pocket at the end. B is likely to go supper. The question arises, is this prosperity?

SOLDIERS' STORIES.

ENTERTAINING REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR.

Graphic Account of Stirring Scenes Witnessed on the Battlefield and in Camp—Veterans of the Rebellion Recount Experiences of Thrilling Nature.

IT is forty years since the shedding of the first blood on hostile soil in the Civil War. The victim was Elmer E. Ellsworth, Colonel commanding the Eleventh New York Volunteer Infantry, known as the Fire Zouaves. Colonel Ellsworth was killed by James Jackson, proprietor of the Marshall House, at Alexandria, Va. Jackson, in turn, was killed by Frank E. Brownell, a corporal, who had assisted Ellsworth in lowering a Confederate flag, which had been hoisted above the hotel.

Brownell was promoted to the rank of captain. On his retirement he went to St. Louis and lived there several years. He was the only man who knew the truth about the killing of Colonel Ellsworth. During his life he would never tell the story. Shortly before his death in Washington, D. C., on March 15, 1894, he wrote an account of the tragedy. This paper he left as a legacy to his brother, F. B. Brownell, now a prominent citizen of St. Louis, through whose courtesy it is now published. In substance it reads thus:

On May 3, 1861, Ellsworth ascertained that the Colonels of the different regiments stationed about Washington had received orders to hold their companies in readiness for duty. Ellsworth, not having received any such order, went to the President and appealed to him that he might take part in the movement, and through his personal influence with the President he was told he might go on one condition, namely, that if any breach of discipline or misbehavior occurred by his regiment it would be mustered out of the service. Up to the day before the regiment left for Alexandria it had never received anything from the general government except rations and camp equipment. New arms, overcoats, etc., promised by the authorities before the regiment left, had never come, all of which caused Ellsworth to be extremely anxious as to the conduct of his regiment, upon which his future so largely depended.

The arms which we were equipped were not received until the day before we occupied Alexandria. The Sharp rifles having been exchanged for the new ones, we were equipped with the exception of Company A, to which I belonged, which received Harper's Ferry rifles with saber bayonet but without bayonet scabbards.

I shall never forget the remarks made by him to the men the night before the movement and his death. The regiment was formed in column of divisions marching.

"Boys, yesterday I understood that a movement was to be made against Alexandria. I went to see General Mansfield and told him I would consider it a personal affront if we were not allowed the right of the line, as it is our due as the first regiment of volunteers sworn in for the war. All I can say is, that I am a soldier, and I will fight, and at the end perhaps a skinned man."

"Go to your tents and lie down until 2 o'clock, when the boats will come for us, and we will go forward to victory or death. When we reach the place of destination act like men; do nothing to shame the regiment. Show the enemy that you are men as well as soldiers, and that you will stand with kindness, and no matter what may happen, do not show to be frightened without orders. Now go to your tents and do as I tell you."

So far as I know these orders were not violated except in the single instance following his death.

The next day we embarked about 2 o'clock and arrived at Alexandria between 4 and 5 o'clock in the morning.

The troops moved against Alexandria in three columns—the aqueduct under command of General Sanford, by the long bridge under command of Colonel Wilcox and by steamer under command of Colonel Ellsworth. Ellsworth went to approach by the river front and Wilcox the rear. The Washington and railroad connection with the interior.

Ellsworth landed his regiment with great rapidity. The regiment was formed on the wharf when Ellsworth came by the right of the line, starting from the rear. There were with him Mr. Winsor, of the New York Times, Mr. House, of the New York Tribune, and Chaplain Dodge. As they passed the right line someone of them suggested that a guard be taken. Ellsworth turned and said: "First squad, follow me."

His action in sending Sergeant Marshall back for Captain Coyle and Company A always seemed to me convincing proof that he did not leave the regiment for the purpose of taking the flag, as has often been asserted by some, for if that was his intention why did he immediately upon coming in sight of it send for aid? Why did he not go in the most direct line to the house instead of doing as he did?

We started down the stairs from the flag to the third floor. I was leading. Ellsworth was just behind, the net of rolling up the flag into a small bundle. As I came upon the first landing, which turned with half a dozen steps before leading to the floor, there stood a man with a double-barreled gun resting on the banisters and the muzzle pointing at my breast.

Up to this time everything had been so quiet we were not anticipating trouble. By the instant of self-preservation more than anything else I jumped, and as I did so I threw down the barrel of my gun on his, and both guns slid down the banister until they reached the turn and then fell apart.

My jump cleared the steps from the landing to the floor, but before I could gain my equilibrium the man had thrown his gun into the air, and as Ellsworth came into view on the landing he fired. Then he whirled and leaved at me. As he did so I fired and sprang forward with my bayonet. That moment saved my life, for the heavy charge of buckshot went just over my head and through the door behind me.

The man was within three or four feet of Ellsworth's breast. The charge of buckshot struck him just above the heart. With the single exclamation, "My God!" he fell forward from the landing to the floor.

Jackman, who killed Ellsworth, was shot in the corner of his left eye through the brain. The bayonet pierced his heart. He fell backward to the landing midway between the second and third floors. From the beginning to the end he never spoke.

I can only account for my escape by the supposition that when I came into view on the landing Jackson wavered for a moment. That gave me a chance to leap to the floor and saved my life.

I do not think he knew who had gone up to take down the flag. He had been celebrating the raising of the standard of secession and had gone to bed drunk at 2 o'clock in the morning.

There had been threats by citizens to take down the flag, and Jackson had sworn to defend it. He had been awakened hurriedly by somebody and told that he had gone up to get the flag. Without a moment's delay he went only his shirt and trousers, he seized his gun and took his place on the landing.

KEEPS STRANGE VOW.

HERMIT SWORE HE WOULD NEVER TOUCH GROUND.

Since the Registration of His Vow He Has Never Appeared Outside His Door—His Landlord Estimates Are Extensive—Keeps in a Dark Room.

In the eastern portion of Nelson County, a short distance from Bardonia, lives one of the most singular characters in the State of Kentucky.

He is in his seventy-fifth year now, and for thirty-two years his feet never touched the earth.

Living in a comfortable residence, surrounded by many acres of the best land in the county, he is spending his declining years in solitude. Basil Hayden is one of the wealthiest farmers in the district composed of twenty or more families, and is descended from a family well known in the pioneer annals of the State. Many of them have also been distinguished in the different lines of life.

Basil Hayden, "the hermit," as he is known throughout the section in which he lives, in his youth was a social leader and popular with a large circle of friends. When the war broke out he entered the Confederate army, and made a good soldier to the end.

When he returned home he found his slaves free and his property greatly damaged. The emancipation of his negroes affected him seriously, and he brooded over it constantly. He became sullen and morose, declining all overtures at friendliness on the part of the neighbors. He declared that the Lord had dealt harshly and unjustly with him in depriving him of his slaves, and out of revenge he registered a terrible oath that he would never again put his foot to the Lord's ground, and so far he has kept his vow.

Never since the registration of his vow has he appeared without his door, nor will he have converse with anyone save one or two, who are immediately connected with him, and then his words are of the briefest possible character.

His landed interests are extensive, and under the management of a competent overseer yield him a handsome income. The overseer makes his reports to the queer old man in his darkened indoor retreat, who gives his orders or directions as tersely as possible. He has never spoken to a woman in any manner since his self-imposed exile, nor will he allow one to be employed upon his place.

How he spends his time within his darkened room no one knows, but it is said that one employment is the counting of money, of which he is said to have a vast amount in gold and silver. Be it as it may, a Bardonia banker twice a year visits Mr. Hayden and through him the real estate settles his financial matters with the outside world.

Mr. Hayden is a fine-looking man, with a full beard and flowing hair. His countenance has bleached him, until he is as white as an infant, and his hands are as soft as raw cotton.

A METHODIST BISHOP GIVES PE-RU-NA GREAT CREDIT.



BISHOP GRANT, OF INDIANAPOLIS.

Bishop A. Grant, of Indianapolis, Ind., writes the following letter:

Indianapolis, Indiana, 3349 N. Pennsylvania Street.
Gentlemen: I have been using Pe-runa for catarrh and can cheerfully recommend your remedy to anyone who wants a good medicine. —A. Grant.

Profound members of the clergy are giving Pe-runa these unqualified endorsements. These men find Pe-runa especially adapted to preserve them from catarrh of the vocal organs, which has always been the bane of public speakers, and general catarrhal debility incident to the sedentary life of the clergyman. Among the recent utterances of noted clergymen on the curative virtues of Pe-runa is the above one from Bishop Grant.

Blushes When It Rains.
One of the strangest things found in the morasses of Florida is the blushing tree. It is found only in the thickets of these intermediate swamps, whose luxuriant vegetation always gives a revelation to explorers. It is called the blushing tree by those who know it because it actually blushes or turns a pink color when rain falls upon it. It is a graceful tree, with broad, banana-like leaves. Wide-spreading branches hang down slightly waving in the warm breeze, and like emerald-green foliage. It rises to a height of twenty feet and its thick, substantial trunk indicates many years of existence.

"While watching the tree the rain began to fall in torrents," says a returned swamp explorer, "after a custom it has in these parts. As the cool water drenched the tree I was amazed to note a changing of its color. Gradually but unmistakably the green hue was giving way to pink. I went up to its trunk under its spreading branches to obtain a closer look and found it to be true, and the tree was blushing from the effect of the rain. In a few minutes the green had faded, and I saw, except in a few half-hidden spots where the rain had failed to penetrate."

After the shower had passed over the spectator watched with equal interest this remarkable tree again assume its familiar green color.

Important.
A newly appointed county magistrate, who was exceedingly proud of the dignity conferred upon him, had to try as his first case a man charged with poaching.

"I wish to ask the witness a question," he said to the gamekeeper who was in the witness box, and the magistrate's impressive air commanded immediate and expectant silence in the little court house. "You say, sir, that you distinctly observed two legs of a partridge protruding from the prisoner's pocket. Now attend very closely to what I am about to say, for much may depend upon your answer. In your opinion were they the hind or the fore legs?"

Easy Come, Easy Go.
The man who creeps along bent over, with his spinal column feeling in a condition to snap like a pipestem at any minute, would readily give a great deal to get out of his dilemma, and yet this is only the commonest form by which lunatics seize on and twist out of shape the muscles of the back. This is commonly known as backache, a crick in the back, but by whatever name it may be known, and however bad it may be, ten minutes vigorous rubbing with St. Jacobs Oil on the afflicted part will drive out the trouble and completely restore it. It is a thing so easily caught it may be wondered at why there is not more of it, but because it is so easily cured by St. Jacobs Oil may be the very reason that we hear so little of it.

"Bulls" and "Bears."
The names "bulls" and "bears," applied respectively to the persons interested in raising and depressing prices in the stock market, are not modern slang. At any rate, Colley Cibber makes use of the terms in his play, "The Rival," produced in 1720. Asked by Granger if all his money has been on "bears," Granger, who had been boasting of his gains, replies, "Every losing hand, sir; all out of stocks, puts, bulls, shams, bears, and bubbles."

Writes His Recommendation For the Famous Catarrh Remedy, Pe-ru-na.

The day was when men of prominence hesitated to give their testimonials to proprietary medicines for publication. This remains true to-day of most proprietary medicines. But Pe-runa has become so justly famous, its merits are known to so many people of high and low station that now hesitates to see his name in print recommending Pe-runa.

The following letters from pastors who use Pe-runa speak for themselves:

Rev. H. C. Smith, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, of Greensboro, Ga., writes: "My little boy had been suffering for some time with catarrh of the lower bowels. Other remedies had failed, but after taking two bottles of Pe-runa the trouble almost entirely disappeared. For this special malady I consider it well nigh a specific."—Rev. H. C. Smith.

Rev. A. B. Vaughn, Enns, Kansas, Ark., says: "I had been prostrated by congestive chills and was almost dead; as soon as able to be about, I commenced the use of Pe-runa. I took five bottles; my strength returned rapidly and I am now enjoying my usual health."—Rev. A. B. Vaughn.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Pe-runa, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of the Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

So Wags the World.
Madge—I had a most delightful time at the piano recital this afternoon.

Marjorie—How lucky you are to have a father who can give you money all the time for tickets. The overture must have been beautiful.

Madge—I don't quite recollect, but the pianist's hair was just lovely. He must spend more time on it than on his practicing.

Marjorie—How was the sonata?

Madge—I guess that was all right, but I was in dreadful pain all the time, for I knew mine was the prettiest gown in the whole audience.

Marjorie—Do you honestly think, my dear, that you derived any real benefit from the recital?

Madge—I'm sure of it, love. All the music in my nature seemed to be aroused by the young artist's skillful rendition, and the moment I arrived home I sat down to my piano and played a whole lot of those lovely rag-time coon melodies.—Smart Set.

We refund 10c for every package of PUTNAM FADELESS DYE that fails to give satisfaction. —Monroe Drug Co., Unionville, Mo. Sold by druggists.

Tit for Tat.
Manhattan—I wonder why it is that so many society women go on the stage?

Brooklyn—Perhaps it is because they are crowded out by the actresses that marry into society.—Life.

These crispy mornings Mrs. Austin's Pan Cake Flour tastes delicious. Ready in a moment. Buy from your grocer.

The leg bones of animals like the elephant are very heavy, indeed almost solid, being designed to support great weight.

The Nickel Plate Road
Offers low excursion rates to Denver, Colorado Springs, Glenwood Springs, Colo., Ogden and Salt Lake City, Utah, and Hot Springs, S. D. Tickets on sale until Sept. 15th, good returning until Oct. 31, 1901. Write, with coupon or call on nearest agent, or C. A. Asterlin, T. P. A., Fort Wayne, Ind., or R. J. Hamilton, Agent, Fort Wayne, Ind. 182

The city of Strasburg, whose public debt amounts to \$13,306,731 marks, wants to borrow 7,000,000 more.

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